

DAVID WARFIELD Believes Actor-Emotion Must Be Real in the Moments of Hysteria

By Charles Darnton.

HAVEN'T you seen David Warfield's tears through your tears as you sympathized with "The Music Master"? Haven't your eyes reddened like his nose when Helene (with the choke on the last syllable) told poor old Von Barwig that he mustn't come to her beautiful, unhappy home again? And wouldn't you be willing to bet a bunch of spring onions that Mr. Warfield was as watery over the heart-breaking business as you were? And wouldn't you believe him if you heard him say:

"I cannot keep back the tears. When I act the gentle old music master, with his great empty heart crying out for the child who has been stolen from him, I become the music master. His heartache is my heartache; his sufferings are my sufferings; his emotions are my emotions; his tears are my tears."

This is just what Mr. Warfield did—not say. (You lose the onions!) I gave him every chance to talk tears, only to have him talk technic. He was outrageously honest. In spite of my sympathetic advances he steadfastly refused to shed a tear for publication. I could have wept. There was nothing for me to do but close the reservoir and open the brain pan.

His Outrageous Honesty.

"I don't cry a drop," he assured me, coming off dry-eyed from a performance of "The Music Master." "How could I cry after playing the part more than a thousand times? It has become mechanical. I can no longer wring tears out of myself. I must wring them out of my audience. I just make 'em think I cry," he whispered, and, to make his honesty more infamous, he smiled as he let slip the secret. If Father Blaisac doesn't scold his boy David for this, I miss my one best guess. But Mr. Warfield didn't seem to be worrying about that. He went right on telling the truth, utterly regardless of the consequences.

"How do I explain my red nose?" he repeated. "I don't explain it. The actor, like the magician, can't afford to explain his tricks. You know. You don't see me making my nose red—of course, you don't. But I do it just the same right before your eyes, just as Herrmann used to do a lot of things that his audience never saw. Only Herrmann had more nerve than I have. I used to marvel at the way he would 'plant' things right under the nose of an audience. Why, his assistant would come out while Herrmann was doing a little fancy work and 'plant' a whole barrel of stuff! Actors play the same game in a small way."

"Then actor-emotion is all cut and dried?" My last illusion was going out through the open window at which the simple Von Barwig of a moment before sat smoking a long English cigarette. "Not necessarily," answered Mr. Warfield, idly watching an industrious woman rescue a tin can from its empty life in the alley. "But once having mastered the pathetic moments of a play, it is easy to send them over the footlights without really feeling emotion. Of course,

the actor must first get at the centre of a part, at the heart of a character, and he may be moved at first. But you may be sure of one thing—he isn't moved by the emotion of a part at a metropolitan first night. A first-night performance in New York, for example, is purely mechanical. About the only thing an actor feels then is anxiety. By this time the part has been drilled into him, and his only thought is to drill it into the audience. At the first few readings of a part he may be touched by it, just as you may be touched by a story or a pathetic incident of everyday life that you read in a newspaper. But suppose you read it over and over again, until the words are stamped on your memory. You would find, wouldn't you, that your first emotions had hardened, that the reading had become mechanical? Well, that's the way it is with a part. You get to know it so well that you don't think about it."

Woman's Softening Influence.

"The actor may feel it occasionally, at certain moments," he said. "Some suggestion may come from in front to make an actor feel the pathos of a scene or a speech. The average theatregoer has no idea how great a part an audience plays in a performance. I am affected most by a matinee audience—I don't know why, but I am. Perhaps it is because of the delicate sensibilities of women and children. Then, sometimes, the tears come. I can count on my tears about twice a week—when I am playing two matinees. But they are brought out by the sympathy of the audience, rather than by my sympathy with the part. An audience may affect the mechanism of a play in the same way. For instance, there are certain places where



the actors wait for a laugh. Now, if for some reason the expected laugh doesn't come, there is a hitch in the performance. The actors find themselves pausing for nothing. The laugh isn't with them—it is on them."

He cracked a laugh at the expense of his kind. When it had sobered down into a smile, I spoke of that stage smile of his that puts a pain in your heart. "Sometimes," he said, "there is more pathos in a smile than in tears. The smile that gives you a pang is one of the saddest things in the world. I saw an illustration of this on Broadway the other day. A man—and he looked like a gentleman—had been drinking too much, and he had got into a little trouble. He did not seem to realize his position until a policeman stepped up and took him by the shoulder. Then his face went white and, unable to speak, he smiled a helpless, hopeless smile that brought tears to my eyes. You turn away from that kind of a smile, for it goes straight to the heart and hits you hard. I have studied that smile."

Anger Must Be Felt.

"I have never thought of that," he said, reflectively. "It's an interesting idea. Come to think of it, I don't believe any actor can simulate anger effectively without feeling it. If he doesn't feel it, his audience won't. To touch a chord in your audience you must touch a chord in yourself. You must make the audience feel the thrill. Anger cannot be suggested by merely a loud, angry tone. You must mean it. When I turn on the boy's accuser in 'A Grand Army Man' and shout 'You lie!' the audience would laugh if I didn't say it as though I meant it. It would sound cheap and melodramatic. Hysteria must 'go it blind,' as they say. Actor-emotion must be real moments of hysteria. I always let myself go in such a moment, but I

"And made it mechanical, too?"

never go so far that I couldn't recall myself in a second. An actor can never afford to forget his play and his audience, for if he does he may lose both. Neither can he afford to wait for an inspiration. If he did he would have to wait for the hand of God to touch him before he could give a performance. But a scene of violent emotion furnishes its own strength. It



picks up the actor and carries him along. He can't resist its influence. The big moments of all big actors have been tempestuous moments. No actor has ever attained great eminence without a great moment, a tempestuous moment in which he has been able to sway his audience with a sweep of passion. But he must be very careful about it, or he will find himself going

under. It is impossible to measure the effect of such a moment, but the actor must be sure to have his own measure before he begins. That's where the mechanics of acting come in again. And back of all this, of course, is characterization. Mildness may be the keynote of one scene, violence that of another, even when the scenes are similar. Von Barwig's plea to Helen and

His Unconscious Technic.

"If I have any technic," he said, "I don't know it, and it's a lucky thing for me that I don't. If I were conscious of it I'd be mechanical. And I must work out things for myself. If I didn't I'd be tame and theatrical. The temptation to pose is very strong with actors. They want to be grand. If they meet you off the stage they try to impress you, and when they are on the stage their one idea is to impress you still more. I don't think I'll be as strong as a hired man, never could understand this, but there they are."



Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.

A WOMAN looks upon matrimony as a sacrament; a man regards it as a sacrifice. Both are right. It takes six men, all of them very much in love, to write as many letters as one girl who is just a little bit in love.

Allowing for the difference in perspective, after all, husbands are just like other men.

When two people wake up from love's young dream the woman's first thought is "How can I patch it up?" the man's, "How can I break it off?"

A man's anxiety to talk about his latest love affair is only equalled by his reticence in regard to all those that have gone before.

Matrimony to a bachelor is like a salad, a bandbox or a newspaper; it looks interesting, but he feels suspicious of what's in it.

Infatuation is like a rose, saccharine and ephemeral; love is like an immortal, crisp and everlasting.

Most of the cases in the divorce courts could be traced to a man's deception before marriage and a woman's attempt at his reformation after marriage.

It isn't conscience, but the fear of consequences that keeps a man from trifling with a pretty woman.

There are three moments in a man's life when he thinks seriously of bolting to Canada or the antipodes: When he first discovers that he is in love; when he has made up his mind to propose, and when he wakes up on the morning of his wedding day.

Poverty is a love charm; you never know how great a thing love is until you haven't anything else in the world.

A husband believes that if he can only keep his wife in the straight and narrow path he can go out and zigzag all over the downward one without falling from grace.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Skirt with Spanish Flounce—Pattern No. 5957. 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

EVERY design that is bordered material or flouncing is in demand just now, when there are so many beautiful fabrics of the sort offered. Here is a skirt that is made with a Spanish flounce and which is eminently graceful and becoming, while it is simple in the extreme. In the illustration it is made of bordered batiste, but there are almost innumerable suitable materials, not to mention all the pretty plain materials that are adapted to the style of the skirt, for such always can be trimmed to give a bordered effect.

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The Seven Ages of Great Men (No. 9) Samuel M. Clemens, Mark Twain

1ST AGE— BORN NOV. 30, 1835, IN FLORIDA—A SMALL HAMLET OF MONROE COUNTY, MISSOURI. MOST OF HIS EARLIEST JOKES WERE SPRUNG ON HIS UNSUSPECTING PET CATS.

2ND AGE— HIS FATHER HAVING DIED WHEN MARK WAS LESS THAN 12 YEARS OLD, THE LAD BECAME PRINTERS DEVIL, CHIEF PRESSMAN, FOREMAN OF THE COMPOSING ROOM AND ASSISTANT EDITOR OF THE HANNIBAL COURIER, A LOCAL PAPER HAVING 300 PRODUCE PAYING SUBSCRIBERS, AND RUN OFF ON A HAND PRESS. HIS SALARY WAS 50¢ PER WEEK AND FOR THREE YEARS HE HELD HIS JOB AND SAVED HIS MONEY.

3RD AGE— AT 15—THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE TOOK HIM TO THE EXPOSITION AT NEW YORK CITY WHERE ON HIS ARRIVAL HE HAD \$2. IN HIS POCKET AND A \$10 BILL SEWED IN HIS COAT SLEEVE. HE SAW ALL THE SIGHTS WITH THE \$2. AND THEN ENGAGED AS A PRINTER FOR A MONTH, AFTER WHICH HE WENT TO PHILADELPHIA AND SET TYPE ON THE LEDGER, BUT HE WAS SEIZED WITH HOMESICKNESS AND RETURNED TO HIS HOME HAVING BEEN AWAY FOR TWO YEARS.

4TH AGE— IN 1852—AT THE AGE OF 17 HE BECAME A PILOT ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT \$250. PER MONTH. HIS ADVENTURES AS A PILOT HE IN LATER YEARS COMPILED INTO BOOK FORM "LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI." LIKEWISE MOST OF HIS LITERARY PRODUCTS ARE TAKEN FROM EVENTS BEFORE HIS TWENTYSEVENTH YEAR.

5TH AGE— ABOUT THIS TIME HE ACQUIRED THE LITERARY NAME "MARK TWAIN" IT BEING A RIVER PHRASE INDICATING THAT THE WATER WAS ONLY TWO FATHOMS DEEP.

6TH AGE— DURING THE YEAR 1866 HE WENT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TO WRITE UP THE SUGAR INDUSTRY, RETURNING TO SAN FRANCISCO HE MADE HIS FIRST PUBLIC SPEECH WHICH NETTED HIM \$600, THAT SO ENCOURAGED HIM THAT HE AGAIN WENT TO NEW YORK CITY WHERE AFTER ONE YEAR HE TOOK UP THE WORK OF CONDUCTING EXCURSIONS INTO FOREIGN LANDS, MAKING ENOUGH MONEY FOR A TRIP TO FRANCE, ITALY AND PALESTINE WHICH FURNISHED HIM ADVENTURES FOR "THE INNOCENTS ABROAD." HE ALSO MET HIS WIFE ON THE SHIP "QUAKER CITY," LIVED IN BUFFALO FOR A WHILE, BUT MOVED TO HARTFORD WHERE FOR EIGHT YEARS HE DEVOTED HIS TIME TO WRITING "THE GILDED AGE," "TOM SAWYER," "LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI," "THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT," "HUCKLEBERRY FINN," ETC.

7TH AGE— HIS BOOKS WERE PUBLISHED BY CHAS. L. WEBSTER & CO. OF WHICH MARK TWAIN WAS A PARTNER. BECOMING AMBITIOUS HE TOOK UP THE MANUFACTURE OF AN IMPROVED TYPE SETTING MACHINE. BUT THROUGH HARD TIMES THE COMPANY BECAME BANKRUPT, LEAVING MANY CREDITORS, NOT DISCOURAGED HOWEVER, EVEN AT HIS ADVANCED AGE HE AFTER A FEW YEARS OF HARD WORK HAD PAID OFF EVERY DEBT. HE IS NOW PAST THREE SCORE AND TEN, RECOGNIZED IN HIS OWN COUNTRY AND ABROAD AS THE GREATEST LIVING HUMORIST. BUT DESPITE ALL DEMONSTRATIONS IN HIS HONOR HE PREFERS A QUIET CORNER AT HOME WITH HIS PIPE.